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SCANDINAVIAN
REVIEW

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BALTIC EXHIBITION NUMBER
MALMÖ, SWEDEN - MAY 15 TO SEPT. 15, 1914

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THE MAY REVIEW

EDWARD DELBERT WINSLOW, of Chicago, has since 1911 been American Consul-General in Denmark. Twice in his consular career he has represented his government in Sweden. Mr. Winslow has already appeared as a contributor in the March REVIEW.

DANIEL S. HAGE is a descendant of a long line of government officials in the little Danish town of Stege, on the island of Möen. His home on Staten Island, N. Y., is filled with pictures of Möens Klint, which he describes in this issue of the REVIEW, and he considers no trip to Denmark complete without a visit to his boyhood haunts.

O. T. ARNESON was born in Iowa of Norwegian parents, and has been for many years identified with Norwegian-American publishing houses. Many of his translations from Norwegian religious verse have been included in the English Hymnary of the Norwegian Synod of America.

The story by VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM, translated by Dr. Jacob Wittmer Hartmann for this issue of the REVIEW, is from his masterpiece, "Karolinarna," a series of short stories from the campaigns of Charles XII, which ranks with Selma Lagerlöf's books among the "best sellers" of Sweden. The author is one of the leading orators in the present campaign for strengthening the national defenses of Sweden, inaugurated by Dr. Sven Hedin.

By kind permission of the directors of the Baltic Exhibition the REVIEW is enabled to reproduce as its cover design the attractive poster of the Exhibition in five colors, designed by E. Norlind. Ten thousand special reprints from the May REVIEW have been printed and mailed, containing the article about the Exhibition, bound in these covers.

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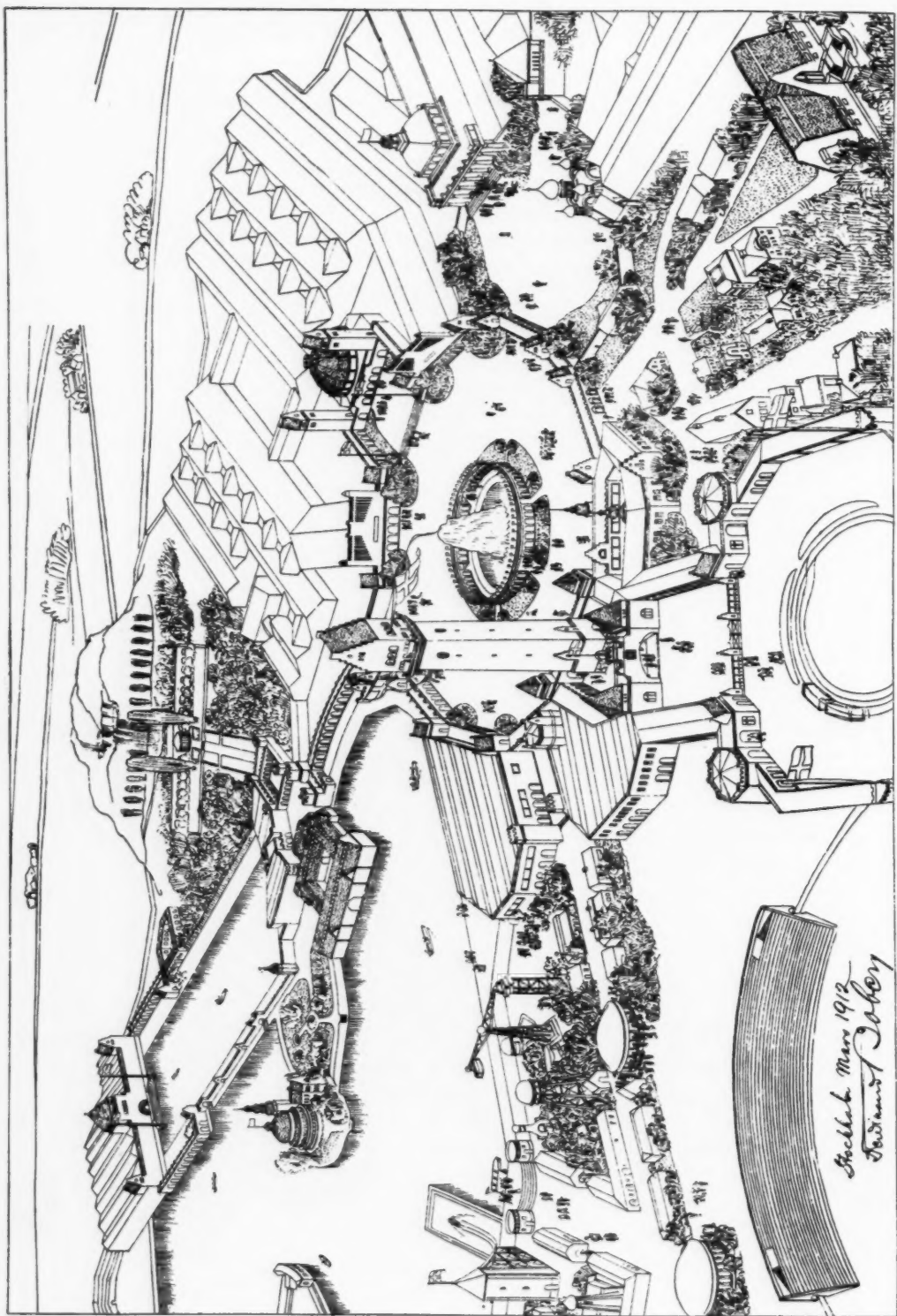
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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BALTIC EXHIBITION

A. BORTZ IN A. B. STILW.

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THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME II

MAY · 1914

NUMBER 3

The King of Sweden to the Swedish People

ON FEBRUARY THE SIXTH KING GUSTAF ADDRESSED THIRTY THOUSAND FARMERS WHO HAD MARCHED TO THE ROYAL CASTLE IN STOCKHOLM TO ASSURE HIM OF THEIR WILLINGNESS TO BEAR ANY ADDED BURDEN OF TAXATION REQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL DEFENSE.

Good Men and True, Yeomen of Sweden:

From my heart I tender you my royal thanks, because you have come from all the realm of Sweden, from the midst of your daily toil and pursuits to meet with me for the welfare of our fatherland, here at the Castle of Stockholm. At the same time I thank all the thousands who have otherwise given expression to the same patriotic spirit that brought you here. The standard that I have received from your hands will always remain to me a dear and precious memorial of this day and all that it imports.

You have come in order to voice your opinion regarding the preservation of our country and the safe-guarding of its honor. You are here in order to make it evident before me and to all men that no demand is too high and no burden too heavy when required for the maintenance of our ancient liberties and the assurance of our future development.

From times so distant that they are wrapped in saga mists, the structure of our realm has rested on the firm and immutably fused confidence between king and people. You know also that this close bond alone has had power under God to make the Swedes honored before other nations, and to give them strength to fight and win in the battle for righteousness and truth. In times of need the commoners of Sweden have been the rock upon which the king could safely rely. And I feel that I, too, have a place in your hearts. In times both good and evil this bond has held, and God willing, it shall never burst asunder.

Our times are grave. Our task now, as of old, is to guard the heritage we have received from our fathers, and which they built with their labor and their blood. We must administer rightly the talent entrusted to us and develop it—to our gain, but to no man's loss. Herein lies our com-

mon duty in the present—and for the future. It is this feeling which has brought you here. It is your anxiety about the safety of the fatherland that has caused you in these winter days to leave your comfortable homes. It is the demand for a firm foundation on which to build the future of our realm that in this moment unites the glorious standards of your provinces under the royal flag of Sweden, waving here on high over us all.

You have expressed to me your fixed desire to see the most vital problem of the land and the people definitely solved as early as possible, and you have declared yourselves ready and willing to take upon yourselves the burdens and make the sacrifices involved therein. Nothing can be dearer to a king than to receive from the lips of the people themselves the evidence of their wish and will to give him their loyal support in the discharge of the often heavy duties of his royal office. No king of those who before me have worn the crown of Sweden has in the same manner as I been allowed the privilege of standing in this spot face to face with the commoners of Sweden and listening to their voices. The knowledge of your unshakable confidence in your king invests my royal duty with a doubled responsibility, but at the same time makes it easier of fulfillment, and I promise that I will not fail you. You may be assured that I will never compromise with my conviction in the question of what I regard right and necessary in order to guard the independence of our fatherland.

There are certainly not lacking in our land those who hold the opinion that the question of the length of training for the infantry ought not to be solved now, but I do not share this opinion; on the contrary, I have the same view which you have just expressed to me, namely, that the problem of our defenses should be treated as a whole and solved without delay and in its entirety. The standards of readiness for service and preparation for war formulated by experts within my army I will not recede from. You all know that this means an extended time of military service for citizens, especially with regard to the winter training. In order to perform the great tasks before it, my navy must, furthermore, not only be maintained but very considerably increased.

May we together labor for the defense of our country! Then we shall succeed in bringing this problem, which is of such vital importance to our fatherland, to a happy conclusion. I shall, in accordance with my duty as king, endeavor to show you the way to our common goal. Follow and support me, then, in the future as in the past!

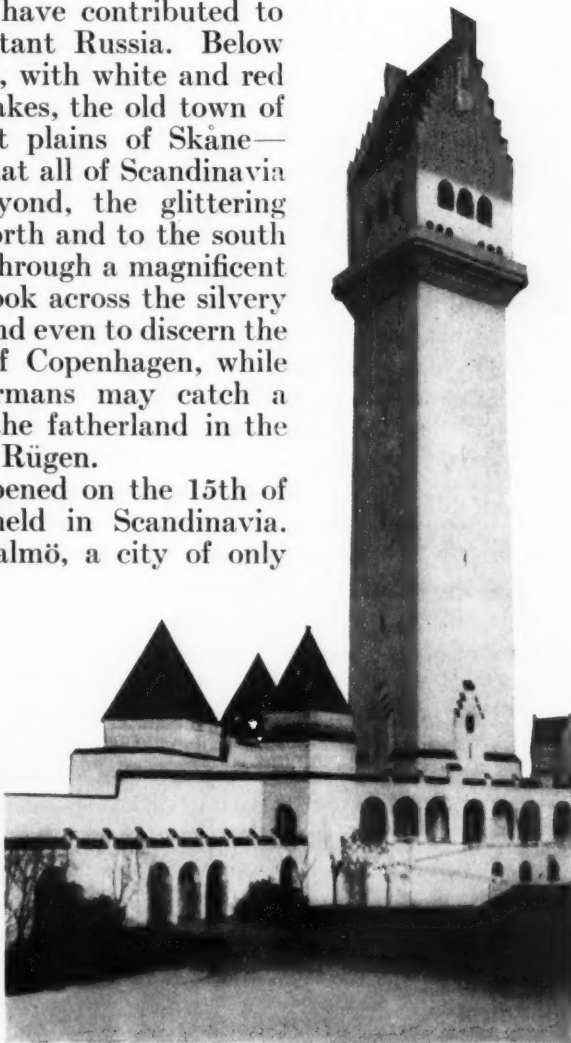
Before the generations that have gone and before the generations that are to come, we shall answer to God for our actions. May the Most High, who has held his hand over the realm of Svea so long, continue to guard our land and our people!

God bless you all!
Long live our beloved fatherland!
Long live Sweden!

The Baltic Exhibition

WHITE storks flying over Skåne, cutting the blue sky with outstretched wings, brushing the Great Tower with its red Scanian roof—this is the poster that calls the migrating children of Sweden back to the homeland this summer, to the Exhibition at Malmö. The Great Tower, a massive campanile with round arched windows and the characteristic Baltic gable topping its white square structure, is visible far and wide. From its glass-walled arcade sixty-five meters above the ground the eye can reach all the nations that have contributed to the Exhibition, except distant Russia. Below are the Exhibition grounds, with white and red buildings set around two lakes, the old town of Malmö, and the luxuriant plains of Skåne—from which it is believed that all of Scandinavia takes its name—and beyond, the glittering Sound, stretching to the north and to the south until lost in dim mists. Through a magnificent telescope it is possible to look across the silvery belt of water to Sjaelland and even to discern the towers of the royal city of Copenhagen, while on a bright day the Germans may catch a glimpse of an outpost of the fatherland in the lighthouse on the Island of Rügen.

The Exhibition to be opened on the 15th of May is the largest ever held in Scandinavia. It has been placed in Malmö, a city of only 100,000 inhabitants, in preference to the capital, because this is the geographical center of the countries that take part. While the Exhibition is organized by Swedish forces, Germany, Denmark, and Russia have eagerly seized the opportunity of participating, and requests have been received from south European countries, but it has been thought best to limit the Exhibition to the na-



"THE GREAT TOWER, A MASSIVE CAMPANILE"

tions surrounding the Baltic Sea. To Sweden it has proved a stimulus to reassert in the peaceful activities of modern culture that dominant position on the Baltic which she once held through the bravery of her soldiers.

Ferdinand Boberg, the famous architect of Swedish churches, public buildings and expositions, has been given the task of designing a plan at once unique and adapted to the territory. With characteristic originality, he seized on the typical Skåne style, with the peculiar red stepped gable. Its square, massive walls have been well simulated in wood and plaster, and the whole effect is one of repose and solidity. The grounds are in the so-called Pildam locality, at a distance of five minutes on the electric railway from the heart of the city. Two natural lakes have been made the center of the plan, the one retaining its long, rectangular canal-like effect, leading up to the Fine Arts Building, the other enlarged to an irregular shape, with undulating beaches rich with blossoming verdure.

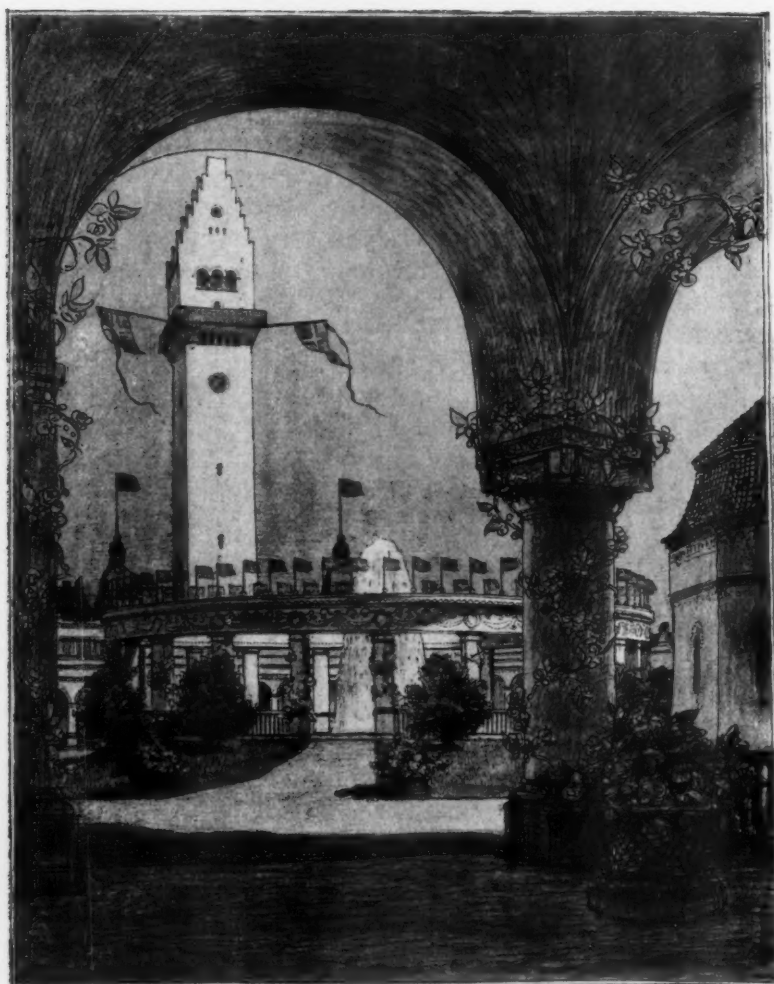
A railway crossing, which threatened to intercept the traffic to the grounds, has been utilized to lend added beauty to the approach. A wide, gently rising viaduct, with large side portals, carries the visitor over the tracks to the Exhibition, and affords a view of the buildings from a slight elevation. Continuing on the same level, the road swings to the left and ends in a large open space, with garages and street railways. In front is the Main Entrance, leading to the first court, and through its arched passages the Amusement Grounds are visible to the left, the Danish, German, and Russian Buildings to the right, while straight ahead the Great Tower rises to an imposing height. Within the court are the administration buildings, the post-and-telegraph-office, the fire department, the press bureau, the information bureau, and the dressing-rooms.

A large vaulted arcade, flanked by two towers, leads into an inner court. On the left is the Malmö Exhibit in ten large halls, where the city has endeavored to give an adequate representation of its history and development. Here are also rest rooms and reading-rooms, in which the city of Malmö makes its visitors welcome at the threshold of the Exhibition. The Great Tower stands at the entrance to the Central Court, which is the nucleus of the entire plan. The Court has a diameter of 150 meters and is enclosed by a two-story arcade, from which access is had to the various exhibits. In the center is a basin thirty-six meters in diameter, from which a broad column of water rises to a height of fifteen meters, then widens out like a plume and falls in myriads of twinkling drops. Flowering bushes and tall trees have been transplanted to the court; rose creepers twine about the columns and the lattice work; thousands of tulips and hyacinths gleam like a jeweled setting around the pergola that circles the great basin, and from hundreds of poles flutter the flags of four nations.

The façades of the main exhibit halls form a circle around the Central Court. Straight opposite the entrance and the Great Tower is Congress Hall, a splendid granite building capped by a massive dome of tile and flanked by two high towers in the prevailing square, step-gabled style. There a special orchestra selected from the best musicians in Sweden will give concerts every night at a nominal admission fee. On either side of Congress Hall are the Hall of Industry and the Hall of Machinery, vast buildings that turn only a small façade toward the court while stretching long, complicated structures toward the outer boundary of the Exhibition grounds. To the right the German Building is visible, then the Danish Building in the style of an old moated castle, and, lastly, the cupolas of the Russian Building. To the left is the large field of private pavilions, the Amusement Court and the Main Restaurant.

From the refreshment terraces of the Main Restaurant a wonderful view may be enjoyed. There is the old park with the water tower, an idyllic spot, the only part of the grounds that was left untouched by the architect and landscape gardener, when they made the bare plain blossom like a rose. There is the Amusement Court with its kaleidoscopic life, and on the smooth surface of the two lakes gondolas and motor boats vie with each other, while stately swans glide about, undisturbed by the traffic. Between the two lakes is the Fisheries Building, in the style of an old log-house, with the aquarium, where multi-colored fishes dart about. In the center is a wide basin for the landing of the boats that ply across the lakes.

Leading from the Fisheries Building is a complicated system of double arcades, covered stairways, and courtyards, making a fantastic perspective. Stepping out from a high vaulted arch, the visitor comes suddenly upon the long, narrow lake, terminating in the Fine Arts Building, a massive structure with a hundred meter façade rising directly from the water. A boat carries the visitor across the lake to the great stairway. A dim vestibule leads to the large hall of sculpture, with its glass cupola surrounded by the various halls of painting; the vestibule is continued in an arcade leading to a smaller hall of sculpture and ending finally in a pergola encircling a water basin, and here refreshments are served. There are fifty exhibition rooms, the hall of sculpture excepted, having in all a wall length of 1,700 meters. The exhibit is in the hands of Professor Oscar Björck, who has succeeded in persuading the collectors in the several countries to lend their priceless treasures. The great masters of Sweden will naturally be represented and will demonstrate the very high place occupied by Sweden in the domain of painting. The exhibit of German art will be especially complete. It will occupy a wall length of 400 meters, and will comprise both the futurist and the conservative schools, Professor Björck believing that the Northern nations have a



By Courtesy of "Ord och Bild"

"CENTRAL COURT—THE PERGOLA THAT CIRCLES THE GREAT BASIN"

great deal to learn from the modern development of German art. He hopes, also, to present a unique collection of Danish and Russian works.

The Flower Walk runs obliquely on one side of the lake, and is bordered by a park ending in a formal garden, in which is the Royal Pavilion designed for the reception of royal and possibly of imperial visitors. The Crown Princess has planned the Flower Walk, with a combination of expert knowledge and enthusiastic interest resulting in an almost tropical display of horticulture that dispels all thought of Sweden as a cold country. Behind the Pavilion rises a picturesque terraced hill, with artificial waterfalls and grottos, and along its high-



By Courtesy of "Ord och Bild"

"THE RESTAURANT KASTELLET, BUILT IN THE DUTCH RENAISSANCE STYLE"

est part runs an arcade from which one may see the plains of Skåne, with fields and farm buildings, with lanes and clusters of trees. In the park is the woman's exhibit called Årsta, after the home of Fredrika Bremer, the first feminist of Sweden.

In one corner of the lake are several small basins hedged off from the larger body of water by tiny headlands and grass plots connected by bridges. These are designed as the home of the various Scånian water-fowl. Nearby is the restaurant Kastellet, built in the Dutch Renaissance style with three stories, affording a view over the Amusement Grounds.

The state railways of Sweden have a separate building, with an

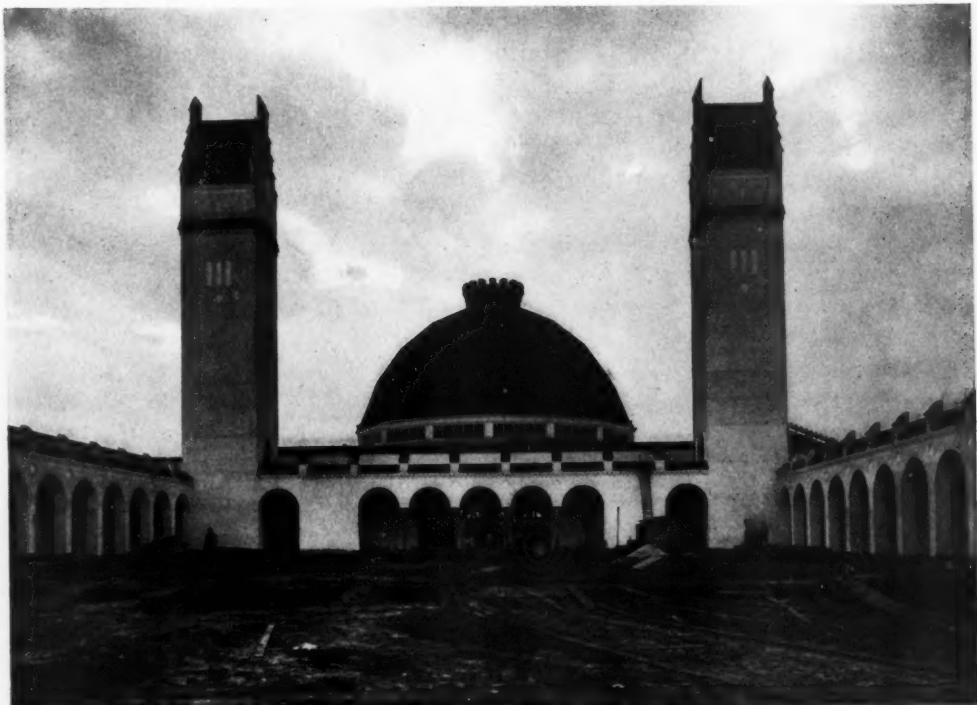
exhibit consisting of several locomotives, among them one propelled by electricity, models of a Diesel motor wagon, refrigerator car and hospital car, graphic representations of the extension of railway traffic, the method of loading ore and of handling the problems of a great snowfall, with paintings of the most interesting bridges and crossings, and in general all that tends to show the extraordinary modern development of the Swedish railways. Above this lies the electric power station, which sets in motion the various wheels of the Exhibition. The accomplishment of Swedish engineers is also demonstrated in the Machinery Hall, with a floor area of 10,200 square meters and an arch 25 meters wide. Everything that Sweden has produced in the manufacture of machinery is there to vindicate her title of "the iron country." Built in a similar style is the gigantic Hall of Industry, originally designed with an area of 12,500 square meters, but owing to the number of exhibitors afterwards enlarged to almost double that size. With a floor area of 22,000 meters it is the largest of all the Exhibition buildings. In uninterrupted succession the masters of Swedish trade, handicraft and domestic industry have collected their treasures. Especially rich and interesting is the peasant art of Sweden.

Germany has an imposing building designed by the architect, Hans Alfred Richter, and covering a base of 20,000 square meters. The Emperor has personally contributed a large exhibit of majolica, which occupies the middle of the building, while the court behind it is executed exclusively in majolica and promises to be an unusual attraction. The exhibit of royal China is in the German Festival Hall. The graphic, paper, optical and textile departments are placed in modern surroundings. A large iron front divides the Machinery Hall from the rest of the exhibit, and joined with it is the exhibit of automobiles and railways, the largest that Germany has ever shown abroad.

Nearby is the charming Danish Exhibition surrounded by its moat like a feudal castle. A bridge leads to the principal building, in which are rooms for the reception of royal visitors. In front lies the Industrial Arts Hall, where ceramic art is given especial prominence. The Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Company exhibits the fountain of porcelain and stone ware to be presented by Denmark to the Peace Palace at The Hague. There are fajances, silver embroideries, jewelry and home-woven silks, and in the Hall of Industry a textile division. The Machinery Hall is probably the largest division of the Danish exhibit, and has various workshops showing the process of manufacture. Copenhagen has an important municipal exhibit, containing models of various institutions, paying particular attention to the hospital service. There is also a Greenland exhibit, an electric exhibit, and a hunting and forestry exhibit. An idyllic garden plot,

with colonnades, fountains and flower beds, will form a delightful place of rest in the center of the Danish Exhibition.

The field set aside for the private pavilions looks like a little city and contains many interesting exhibits. Near this is the Amusement Court, where the various lighter forms of entertainment will even make the Danes forget gay Copenhagen. Throughout the whole Exhibition grounds nothing has been spared that can add to the beauty of the scene and the convenience of the visitors. In addition to the larger restaurants mentioned there are numerous smaller places where refreshments can be had. Music will be a constant feature of the Exhibition. Numerous rest rooms and dressing-rooms even containing baths will refresh the tired traveler. In the arcades and in every convenient nook there are comfortable seats, where the sight-seer can sit sheltered from the traffic and collect the impressions gained from his tour of the exhibits. Every available nook has been utilized for the planting of flowers and creepers that will soften the harsh outlines and give richness of color to the newness of the buildings. And at night the grounds will twinkle with myriads of lights, while the boats will glide like fireflies over the lakes, and the spirit of the brief Northern summer will make the place gay with laughter and music.



By Courtesy of "Ord och Bild"

"CONGRESS HALL—FLANKED BY TWO HIGH TOWERS"

Summer Colonies in Denmark

By EDWARD DELBERT WINSLOW

THE fight against the increasing cost of living is as keen in Copenhagen as in any of the large cities of America, but the thrift and intelligence of the middle class and well-to-do working people have devised a plan by which they can spend the summer in



the city and yet at a very slight expense be among green fields and flower gardens. The city authorities come to their assistance by turning over unused plots of land to cooperative companies, and in this way it is possible for any one to rent a bit of land, 20 feet wide and from 50 to 100 feet deep, for from \$2.70 to \$8.00 for the season. The whole family usually takes part in the work of erecting a bungalow

from old packing cases, rejected boards or any other material that is obtainable.

When the warm weather comes they spend long days there, and every inch of ground is made productive. The women bring their sewing and the children play about. Those that are old enough learn to till the soil and to know that all riches come from the earth. Sometimes the little plot is made to yield enough vegetables for the whole winter. Often it is made into a bower of flowers, for in no country is the love of flowers more intense, and the devotion of the Danes to their gardens is such that to be without a retreat of this kind is to be an outcast. In the evening the head of the family joins the others in the "club," and neighbors visit and exhibit to one another the results of their work. In the fall prizes are often distributed for the best garden plot. When cold weather comes the family return to their winter quarters looking sunburned and vigorous after the summer spent in rustication within a stone's throw of their daily labor.





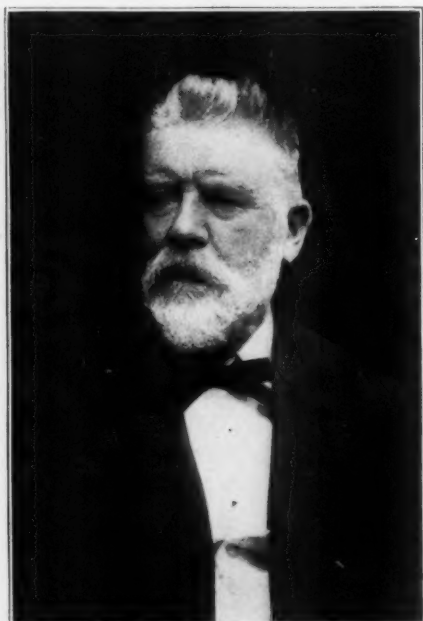
Möens Klint

By DANIEL S. HAGE

CHALK cliffs are found elsewhere in the world than on the Danish island of Möen, but nowhere else has nature so excelled in their staging. The elements have shaped to fantastic forms the soft material of the snow-white cliffs, which rise to a sheer height of four hundred feet from the blue Baltic, and are crowned by luxuriant light-green beech woods. So steep and wild is the formation that only in two or three places in the four miles of rugged coastline could steps be cut to guide visitors down to the narrow beach, though easy foot paths skirt the brow of the cliffs, and an automobile road leads from the nearest town, Stege, about ten miles distant, to the hotel recently built near the edge of the cliffs. The sea bottom is of white chalk, on which sun and shadows play through the waters in colors rarely seen in the North. The vegetation is singularly rich, and it would be hard to imagine a more delightful place in which to spend a vacation. It is to be hoped that success will attend the agitation now going on in Denmark to preserve the unique beauty of Möens Klint by turning the region into a national park.

Carl Jacobsen

"DENMARK'S first citizen," according to Georg Brandes, was Dr. Carl Jacobsen, the brewer and art patron, who died in Copenhagen on January 11 of this year. His life was the flower of three generations of patriotic service. The Carlsberg Fund, established by his father, J. C. Jacobsen, and added to by Carl Jacobsen, though almost as large as the Nobel Fund, is little known outside of Scandinavia. A Swedish



By Courtesy of "Norden"

THE LATE DR. JACOBSEN, "DENMARK'S
FIRST CITIZEN"

writer has pointed out the characteristic difference between the two endowments. Nobel's plan, magnificent in conception and widely diffused in its effects, was to find men and women of genius in any part of the world and give them the substantial encouragement that would insure the continuance of their work. The Jacobsens, father and son, devoted practically their entire income, their time, zeal and genius to the most intensive work within their own country along certain lines with which they were intimately identified. The Carlsberg Laboratory, now a separate institution, grew out of J. C. Jacobsen's efforts to produce by the most perfect scientific methods a healthy, slightly stimulating beverage that should supplant the prevailing brandy. Old Carlsberg became a model brewery, to which experts

traveled from all over the world, and in donating it, finally, to the Carlsberg Fund for scientific research and the publication of learned works, he stipulated that the quality of the product should never be allowed to deteriorate.

The son, Carl Jacobsen, born in 1842, built up independently of his father but in the same spirit and traditions, the New Carlsberg brewery. With as great a singleness of purpose as his father, he gave the brewery, representing his fortune, to the Carlsberg Fund, on condition that it be kept separate from the Old Carlsberg, and that the proceeds be all given to art. He also established several smaller legacies, and like his father leaves but little of the great wealth he accumulated to be disposed of after his death. He was a thinker and a man of wide culture. In conversation with an editor of the REVIEW

last summer he compared the relations of America and Europe in our day to those of Rome and Greece. "The grandeur that was Rome" had its counterpart in the magnificent vitality, energy and administrative ability of America, but as Rome went to Greece for the glory of art, so America had still to come to Europe for her intellectual traditions. In his zeal for educating his countrymen to an appreciation of art, Carl Jacobsen turned the streets and market places of Copenhagen into an open-air museum, and the mere enumeration of the statues he raised in the city would fill three-quarters of a column in a newspaper. He gathered at New Carlsberg a priceless collection of ancient and modern plastic art and offered it to the municipality on condition that a fitting gallery be provided, and for this purpose the state and city in conjunction built the beautiful *Glyptothek*, now one of the chief attractions of Copenhagen. Jacobsen's religious spirit and his feeling for the suggestiveness in the modern city sky-line were united in his admiration of the delicate beauty of church spires. He built the lovely *Jesuskirke* in Valby, with a tower separate from the building, and the *Nikolaj* tower in Copenhagen. At time of his death he was engaged in a controversy over the addition of a spire to *Vor Frue Kirke*, a project that was very dear to him, but roused unexpected opposition from the lovers of Copenhagen in its present aspect. The reverence and admiration, mingled with a slight sense of irritated protest, which his forceful personality roused in his countrymen, is well expressed in an article by Francis Beckett, in *Ugens Tilskuer*, from which we quote:

"Mr. Jacobsen was not an art collector like those of other countries; for who has ever heard of any of these that he has from the very beginning made his collection accessible to the public? It must be remembered that he was six years old when Thorvaldsen's Museum was opened, and that he went about as a little boy on Sundays in a forest of statues; he was an only child, and the first impressions, deepened by the loneliness of his childhood, became, a generation later, the New Carlsberg *Glyptothek*. And yet his relation to plastic art remained to the day of his death that of the educated public in the time of the forties; it was to him something elevated, distant, an abstraction, though he lived with it every day. He could surely have made his own the words about works of sculpture as 'calm thoughts divested of earthly desire.' His relations with them never became intimate; one might almost say they never became natural.

"All other patrons of art the world over have collected because they loved art (or simply because they knew it to be valuable). Mr. Jacobsen from the very beginning collected because he believed and felt that art was an educational power. For that reason his collections have no personal flavor; his chief effort was to have them fully representative. Nor can it be denied that he somewhat undervalued

the general appreciation of art in Denmark. He declared that once when he had offered a statue to one of the smaller towns of Denmark the inhabitants had supposed it to be something edible, and he was under a misapprehension in believing that it was merely ignorance that prompted the municipality of Copenhagen to refuse his proffered statues. He did not understand that a work of art is deeply rooted in the artist's personality, his age and his people, and that it may be, therefore, a violence against a nation to raise foreign statues in the parks and market places of its capital city.

"The art of Thorvaldsen carried Mr. Jacobsen to the antique, such as Thorvaldsen and his age saw it—a revelation of harmonious beauty of line—and he also took much personal pleasure in the most formal, least subjective of all art, the Egyptian. The strongest element in art, the demoniacal, which at times is so violent that it almost stuns, as for instance in the productions of Donatello and Michelangelo, he did not understand at all. But neither did Thorvaldsen and his age understand them. Like the age of Thorvaldsen, he loved the clarified and tempered in art. His relations with the stormy art of Rodin were purely official; he bought Rodin's works, because the French artist had gained a world-wide celebrity, and his purchases were, in fact, made too late, for only one of the works of Rodin in the *Glyptothek* has the importance of a first-hand production. To one and one only of the foreign modern sculptors did he bring a true understanding—the Belgian, Constantin Meunier. No doubt it was the mighty laborer in Jacobsen that recognized and valued Meunier as the artistic glorifier of labor.

"A memory of his childhood which had a determining influence on his activity as an art collector was the opening of the Old Norse Museum in *Prinsens Palæ* when he was eleven years old. He was fond of telling how old Thomsen showed the contents of the Museum to the Sunday public, and when the bronze rings were to be tried on, he pushed forward in order to get a ring around his neck. The fact that the Museum appealed directly to the people—suffered the little children to come unto it—became determining in his work as a collector. Bring art to the people, was his guiding principle, and it was characteristic of him that he did not ask himself whether that which he offered could be in a personal sense assimilated by the rank and file of the people. It was there for them to see, that was all. If he had been a Czar, he would have issued an ukase that all Russians should visit the Museum on Sundays.

"Such were the underlying principles of Mr. Jacobsen's activity as a collector, but these principles were carried forward with an indomitable will, an admirable self-confidence, an infectious energy and glowing enthusiasm. He was no critic; he had but one word, 'beautiful,' the meaning of which he had probably never defined

even to himself. But the word was repeated again and again with a force so impossible of contradiction that it may well be said, in this word he has conquered. Nor was he what we call an art connoisseur. He cared only for the finished work, not for its origin or the way it came into being. He was an art enthusiast and nothing else. Through enthusiasm, not through knowledge and critical acquisition, he understood art. That which did not rouse his enthusiasm he did not understand, and only what roused his personal enthusiasm did he love. In enthusiasm he has created the *New Carlsberg Glyptothek* to be a source of enrichment as long as Denmark remains a civilized country, and for so long will Jacobsen be remembered with the most profound admiration and veneration.

"In medieval times people believed that the chosen of God were surrounded by a nimbus of light. Jacobsen's personality, more especially in his later days, needed no such external radiance. His appearance, his manner, his speech, his keen look, all were those of a chieftain, a kingly citizen, a citizen king. Involuntarily, all bowed before him, the born ruler. Now we bow for the last time before his grave."

The Child that Plays by the River

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

Translated from the Norwegian by O. T. Arneson

*Father, take in Thy hand, I pray,
The child that plays by the river.
Send Thy Spirit to share his play
And from all evil deliver.
The bank is slippery, the water deep,
But if Jesus the child will keep,
Drowneth he not, but liveth
Through the strength which He giveth.*

*The weary mother, alone and poor,
Knows not where he is roaming;
Calls his name from the open door—
No answer comes from the gloaming—
Says to herself: "I'll have no fear;
Guardian angels are ever near;
Jesus, his little brother,
Leadeth him home to his mother."*



DANISH CASTLES—III

FREDERIKSBORG

Frederiksborg

FEW there will be who cross the sea to the Baltic Exhibition at Malmö this summer who will not also make a pilgrimage over the Sound to Denmark, and visit the Castle of Frederiksborg. Many who have the leisure will approach it directly, not by rail from Copenhagen, but by cycle or automobile from the Northeast, from "Hamlet's Elsinore," hurrying along the sparkling coast of North Sjaelland and then down through the long, shadowy forest of beeches that are one of the crowning glories of Denmark, to where Frederiksborg rises from the islands, its towers mirrored in the Lake.

Frederik the Second acquired this estate, then known as Hilleröds-holm, in 1560, by trading with Herluf Trolle, the naval hero, an exchange still recorded on an old mortared stone in a rhyme which may be roughly translated into:

*"Frederik the Second of good renown, His grace made this exchange,
That Hillerholm went to the crown, And Herluf to Forest Grange."*

Hence the name, but not the castle. In 1577 Denmark's architect-king, Christian IV, was born at Frederiksborg. The same hand that designed Rosenborg at Copenhagen ordered the removal of the old hunting lodge and planned a larger structure of red brick and sandstone in Danish adaptation of the Dutch Renaissance. The work under Christian IV proceeded from 1602 until 1620.

Frederiksborg became a favorite resort of the Danish kings, most of whom were crowned there, although in the eighteenth century it ceased to be a permanent residence. Frederick VII, however, actuated by national feeling and romantic sentiment, made Frederiksborg his home and was married there in 1850, to Countess Danner. While the King and Countess were living at Frederiksborg, December 17, 1859, at half-past three in the morning, a violent fire broke out which in a few hours reduced the main building to ashes.

In Denmark, when royal residences are damaged or partly destroyed, they are often fated to be made the property of the state. Frederiksborg, like Rosenborg, has become a national historical museum. By royal gift, by national budget, by popular subscription, the walls were raised again on the site of the old foundations, but the interior, the priceless portrait gallery, had been wiped out. To restore these galleries a single man contributed more than 500,000 crowns. The donor, Dr. J. C. Jacobsen, founder of the Old Carlsberg Brewery and the Carlsberg Fund, the father of Dr. Carl Jacobsen, Denmark's recently deceased Mæcenas, obtained in 1877, royal consent to establish a museum at Frederiksborg and provided for its maintenance from the Carlsberg Fund.

Midsummer Play

By VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

Translated from the Swedish by Jacob Wittmer Hartmann

IN THE yard stood the little girls, holding a sieve, and near them, on a mossy stone, lay their brother, Axel Fredrik, half asleep. On that day he was celebrating his twentieth birthday. His betrothed, the bashful little Ulrika, who had come to the farm on a visit, was bending the juniper brush into the sieve and chopping it with her sickle. The little girls stretched out their hands to help hold the branches, while the melting snow was dripping from the birches and the alder bushes.

"Just see! Even Grandfather has come out in this glorious weather," said Ulrika, pointing to the big house.

Then the little girls began shouting and dancing and, taking the sieve between them they started down toward the big house, swinging the sieve to the rhythm of the words they were singing:

*And the birds of Spring, they sing so well,
Come shepherd-girl, come!
To-night we will dance, and to-night we will play.*

On the other side of the barnyard, just where the firs began, the farmhand Elias was bringing down the last load of wood from the forest. The water was splashing all around his wooden shoes, and the two red oxen, Silverhorn and Farmer, had branches of ash in their yoke as a protection against witchcraft. Elias also joined in the song:

*And the birds of Spring, they sing so soft,
Come, little goats, come!
To-night on the hillocks the flowers will bloom.*

But then he ceased singing and, leaning over the fence, said to Axel Fredrik: "The powder has a bad smell when you shoot, and the soot comes down the chimney, so I guess the thaw will last."

Over the entrance of the big house was a thatched roof, now covered with snow, on which in summer a goat grazed among the leeches and the catchfly.

Below, on a bench, sat Grandfather, in his gray housecoat, with tin buttons, and Ulrika was bringing the little girls to greet him. They were dressed in their shortened skirts, which had been dyed at home with whortle-berry juice, and every time the little girls courtsied they left a faint purple ring on the wet steps.

Grandfather caressed Ulrika's cheek with the back of his hand.

"You will grow up after a bit, little one, and be a great help to Axel Fredrik."

"Oh! If I were only really sure of that, Grandfather! This is such a big place, and there are so many things to do that I am not yet accustomed to."

"Alas! Yes, that is true! And it is such a pity about Axel Fredrik, who lost both father and mother so early in life, and who has never had any other relatives than his aunts and his old grandfather. But we have taken care of him, and you will have to learn, little one, to fill our place. The greatest difficulty of all is his feeble health, the dear boy. Oh, dear child! Thank God for this fine spring day, and for these blessed years of peace!"

Grandfather felt of the chopped juniper twigs, and praised them for their moisture, which would absorb all the dust. Behind him, in the kitchen window, stood the two aunts, cooking a bayberry porridge for a sick cow. Both wore plain black dresses and had their ice-grey hair combed close to their heads.

Ulrika went quickly into the servants' room, where the latter were picking oakum, but she had not taken many steps, before her timid and immature little face again assumed an anxious and listening expression.

"But Ulrika!" called Grandfather, "I don't understand this. Ulrika! Come here, Ulrika!"

She hung up again on the doorpost the bunch of keys she had just taken and went out.

"Isn't that some one on horseback who is coming over yonder?" asked Grandfather. "For three months I have been spared any letters. It always worries me so to get a letter. Just look at him! Just look at him! He is diving into his bag with his paw."

The horseman stopped at the steps for a moment, and left a folded and sealed paper.

The aunts elbowed their way forward on both sides of Grandfather, and handed him his spectacles, but his hands were shaking so that he could hardly break the seal. They all wanted to read the writing at once, and Ulrika even forgot herself so far as to lean over Grandfather's arm and spell out the lines for the others.

Finally she clapped her hands together and gazed off into the distance, great tears coming into her eyes.

"Axel Fredrik! Axel Fredrik!" she cried, running over the sanded court to the enclosure. "For God's sake!"

"What's the matter with you now?" answered Axel Fredrik, casting aside the shrunken fern which he had been chewing. He had a full, fair face and a pleasant but apathetic voice.

She did not stop until she had taken his hand.

"Axel Fredrik, you don't know the news! It is a command to the regiment to hold itself in readiness to be mustered for the country's service. It's all on account of that Danish invasion of Holstein."

He went with her back to the big house, while she squeezed his wrist harder and harder.

"Dear, dear child," stammered Grandfather, "that I should ever live to face such an ordeal. War is upon us."

Axel Fredrik stood and pondered. Finally he looked up and answered: "I don't want to go."

Grandfather walked up and down on the stoop, and around him walked the aunts, back and forth.

"But you are already enlisted, my dear child. The only way out of it would be, if we could perhaps hire some one else."

"Oh, that's easily done," answered Axel Fredrik, indifferently.

In the evening, when the honey pudding had been eaten and all were sitting at the table, Grandfather tried to do his usual stint of a hundred knots in the fish-net he was tying, but his hand trembled too much.

"Things have not been going well up in Stockholm," said he. "Balls, masquerades, streets strewn with food, clowns and magicians of all sorts—this, Kristina, has been our King's daily food. I've heard all about it. When his money was all gone, he began giving away his royal jewels. Now His Royal Highness will have quite a different lesson to learn."

Axel Fredrik pushed back his plate and leaned forward with his elbows on the table, while the aunts and poor little Ulrika, all exhausted with weeping, cleared off the table. Grandfather, nodding and coughing, continued to speak.

"In all these years of peace, we have heard of nothing but greed and extortion, and the worst rascals have forced themselves into the favor of the throne. Now these gluttons will have to walk the straight and narrow path, I think. Ha! Ha! You should have seen the days when Grandfather was young, and was called to serve under the old noble flag. The royal flag, which had been preserved in the royal wardrobe, was unfurled, and the drumhorse, which had been stabled with the colonel, was decked in his long saddle cloth, with crowns in the corners, and then we gathered in our tight gold-laced coats, with the trumpets beginning to play."

Grandfather took the yarn and tried to tie it, but threw it aside again and rose.

"You should have seen that, Axel Fredrik! Even in the moonlight, when we had been drawn up on the icy fields, and sang our song before we began the march, I recognized the red uniform of the men of Nerike, trimmed with white, looking like striped tulips, and the yellow uniforms of Kronoberg, and the gray boys from Kalmar, and the blue regiments from Dalarne, and the yellow and black men of Västgötland. It was a sight worth seeing, but it was as still as in the house of the Lord! Well, this is a time for other men and other coats. Now everything must be simple and severe."

For a moment there was silence in the room. Then Axel Fredrik said, as if to himself:

"If my uniform and weapons were in good condition, a few jolly days in camp mightn't be so bad."

Grandfather shook his head.

"Your health is poor, Axel Fredrik, and there will be many forced marches right through the kingdom, all the way down to the Danes."

"Yes, of course, I don't want to walk, but I could take Elias with me, and the long brown wagon."

"Of course, you can have them at any time, but you haven't any camping tent with pins and stakes and all the other things you need."

"Well, Elias could buy all that on the way, and as for the uniform, I have one that is fairly good."

"Let me see, now, let me see!" Grandfather suddenly became animated and hobbled across the floor and opened the wardrobe. "Ulrika, come here, Ulrika! and read what His Royal Majesty's"—he bowed at the words—"orders that are lying on the table, say. Now, there's a cloak with brass buttons, and lined with smooth Swedish baize. That tallies all right. And here's the vest, too. Now read about the coat!"

Ulrika trimmed the candle and sat down at the table with her hands up to her brow, and spelled the words in a monotonous, high-pitched tone:

"Coat of blue, unstretched cloth, collar red, lining of madder red, twelve brass buttons in front, four over the pocket and three under the pocket, and a button on each side, and three small ones on each sleeve."

"Eight, twelve—that's all right. Now for the trousers."

"Trousers of good buckskin or doeskin, with three buttons covered with chamois."

"They're disgracefully worn. Soon there'll be holes in the breeches. But Elias could surely manage to get you a new pair on the way. But how about the hat and gloves? Where in the world are the hat and gloves, anyway?"

"They are in the chest out in the hall," said Axel Fredrik.

Ulrika continued reading:

"Gloves with large cuffs of yellow chamois-dressed, strong, tough oxhide, with hand of buck or goatskin. Shoes of good Swedish wax leather, with straps in one piece. Bottoms to be double-soled. Buckles of brass."

"The shoes and the wax-leather boots are here; they are passable, and you can have my spurs. You will make a handsome Swedish soldier, my dear boy."

"Neckerchiefs: one of black Swedish wool, two and a half feet long, with attached ends, half an ell long, each, as well as two white ones."

"Elias will have to buy them for you in Örebro."

"Pistols, two pairs. Pistol-holsters of black leather with collar of frizzled chamois."

"You may take mine. My broadsword, also, is in good condition with a calfskin sheath and guards of elkskin. That's the way a Swedish warrior should look! Now we will have to think about fitting out Elias, and the provisioning of the knapsack, and so on."

Axel Fredrik stretched himself.

"I guess I'd better go upstairs and lie down and take a good rest while I have the chance."

Now there was noise and much running about in the big house. All day long they would hammer and beat; the fire blazed and crackled in the fireplace and at night there were candles burning. The only room that remained dark was Axel Fredrik's.

The last night no one went to bed except Axel Fredrik, and when daylight had advanced to the point where they could put out all the lights, his aunts waked him and gave him something warm to drink while he was still in bed, and some strong drops, too, for they had heard him cough during the night.

When he came down to the room later, the others had already gathered there, including the maids and the hands, and the table was set for them all. They ate without a word, but when the meal was over and they were about to rise, the Bible was carried to Grandfather's place, and Ulrika read a passage in a choked voice. When she had finished, Grandfather clasped his hands and spoke with eyes closed.

"Even as my fathers have done before me, so do I now, in the hour of departure, place my hands upon thee, my daughter's son, and bless thee; for my years are many, and who knows when my hour-glass may run out. Beneath my lowly roof I call to God on high, that he may lead thee to honor, that the heavy trials which await us may serve only to raise our little nation and make it greater and more glorious."

At the corner of the table stood Axel Fredrik, fingering and tilting his plate, while from without could be heard the rumbling of the long brown wagon, as it drew up.

Then all went out, and Axel Fredrik climbed to a seat alongside of Elias. He was dressed in his grandfather's wolfskin coat and, in consequence, felt very hot, for the warm spring weather was melting the snow on roof and tree.

"Here is the butter-crock," said the aunts, "and here is the bread sack. Elias, listen! Under the driver's seat is a cheese cake and a bottle of strong drops. And if the journey should become too strenuous, dear Axel Fredrik, never forget that the way home is always open."

But Grandfather pushed himself between them and felt of the back of the wagon.

"Is the chest tied on securely? Well, let's see now! Here is the currycomb and the brush, and here you have the food bag and the canteen. Just the way it ought to be. And bullet-mould and shears and casting-ladle are in the chest."

Ulrika stood behind them without being noticed and said softly: "Axel Fredrik, when it is summer, some evening I will go out and tie *Happythread* and *Sorrowthread* on the wheat and see which will grow highest by next morning."

"Now we're ready" broke in Grandfather, who had not heard her. "And God be with you and Elias!"

On both sides of the road and round about stood the house servants and the day workers.

But just as Elias raised his whip, Axel Fredrik laid his hands upon the reins.

"This trip may end badly!" said he.

"It would look ill," said Elias, "to unhitch now and to go back."

Axel Fredrik put his hand back in the arm of his fur coat, and between the rows of silent people the wagon rolled away.

The weeks passed, and the trees blossomed. It was a very lonesome trip with Närke's regiment through the wildernesses of Sweden, and Axel Fredrik, in his fur coat and with gloves of fluffy goat-skin sat with a hot forehead and slept alongside of Elias. Not far from Landskrona the long brown wagon had dropped behind the regiment's rearguard and the horse stood in the broiling hot sun and grazed off the sides of the ditches. Master and servant slept shoulder to shoulder.

The horse struck after a gadfly, and the water purred and gurgled in the ditch. A couple of vagabonds yelled after the sleepers, but they remained in the same carefree lethargy.

Just then they heard a gallop behind them, and a plainly dressed young man with a large linen-colored periwig, stopped his bay horse beside their wagon.

Elias poked Axel Fredrik in the side and took the reins himself, but Axel Fredrik felt disinclined to open his eyes and merely said, "Yes, you drive, Elias! I need to get a good rest, so as to be ready for the march."

Elias poked him in the side once more.

"Wake up, wake up," he whispered.

Drowsily Axel Fredrik opened his eyes, but in the same instant he blushed deeply and, jumping up, he stood at attention in the middle of the wagon.

From pictures he had immediately recognized the eighteen-year-old King himself. And yet, what a change! Was this rapidly

matured and majestically self-controlled youth the same who only a month ago was decapitating calves and breaking window panes? He was not over medium height, his face was small, but his forehead was high and noble, and the large, deep, blue eyes seemed to give out a sunny light that was irresistible.

"The gentleman might throw aside his fur cloak so that one may see his uniform," he said, formally. "The grass has been green for a long time."

Axel Fredrik puffed and labored to get off that cursed fur of his grandfather's. The King looked at the coat and the buttons, fingered them, pulled them and counted them.

"It'll do," said he, with precocious gravity. "And now we must all become new men."

Axel Fredrik stood still, dazed but erect, and he looked fixedly at the wagon wheel. Then the King added slowly:

"In a few days it will probably be our fortune to meet the enemy. I have been told that nothing on the field of battle is harder to bear than thirst. If the gentleman should perhaps meet me on the field of battle would he kindly offer me his canteen?"

The King spurred his horse on and Axel Fredrik sat down. He had never loved nor hated, never been transfigured nor enraptured, and he pondered on the King's words.

The fur cloak remained lying between him and Elias, and when the long wagon finally rolled into Landskrona during the twilight, the regiment had pitched its tents.

Axel Fredrik looked around for the abundantly provided drinking table of which he had dreamed. Instead he found a few taciturn comrades who pressed each other by the hand and stood about in groups, looking out over the sound, where the waves were storming under the cloudy summer sky and where flags and pennants waved over the Swedish fleet, with its forest of masts.

The next morning Elias put the horse and the long wagon into a stable. The Crown had already taken possession of all vessels, and not until the day after the fleet sailed could he follow to Sjaelland on board a fishing boat. He remained standing there upon the sandy shore when the monster anchors, dripping with moisture, were raised on rattling chains. From one mast after another the swelling sail was unfurled and the sunshine glistened upon the lanterns and glass windows of the poops. The waves danced and reflected in flaming rings the lofty figure-heads, which, with their laurel branches and tridents, pointed away over the sea toward unpathed lands of miracle, toward adventure and prowess. The cloud masses had sunk and drifted far out to sea on the waves, and the air was blue as in a fairy tale.

Then the King forgot himself, the child in him came uppermost,

and he began to clap his hands. He stood at the lookout house, right before the lanterns, and the gray-haired warriors, who had fought with his father, smiled a little and began to clap their hands, also. Even His Excellency Piper sprang up the steps like a sailor boy. On the ship there were no longer any old or disabled men; it seemed an army of youths.

Then, as if on a secret signal, the band began to play, the drums beat, and swords flew from their sheaths, while, drowning Admiral Anckarstierna's words in the trumpet, the hymn rang out from nineteen battleships and one hundred smaller vessels.

Elias recognized Axel Fredrik, who was sitting upon Grandfather's fur coat, squeezed in between gabions and earth-bags and spiked beams. But when Elias saw that he also was getting up and drawing his sword with the rest, and saw the fleet gradually disappearing over the water, he drew his hand across his eyes and shook his head. He went back to the barn, murmuring:

"How shall he, with his feeble health, take care of himself until I reach him?"

A few days afterwards Elias was driving his long wagon alone over the roads of Småland. The farmer's wives, who recognized him as the man who had driven past with the sleeping officer, looked out from the cottage doors and asked if it was true that the Swedes had landed on Sjaelland, and that the King had thanked God upon his knees for the victory, but had stammered in his embarrassment. Elias nodded affirmatively but said nothing.

Day after day he drove slowly toward the north and, holding the reins, he walked the whole way beside the wagon, which was covered with a piece of an old sail. When he finally came, one evening, into the enclosure before the big house, every one knew by the noise that it was the long, brown wagon, and the horse whinnied. Frightened, they all ran to the window; Grandfather himself came out upon the stoop and Ulrika stood in the middle of the garden.

Elias walked as slowly as before, with the reins in his hand, and when he reached the stoop, the horse stopped of his own accord.

Then Elias very carefully drew the covering from the wagon and there stood a long, narrow, wooden box, with a yellow wreath of beech leaves on the cover.

"I have brought him home with me," said Elias. The ball struck him in the chest as he was springing forward to give his Majesty the King a drink from his bottle."

Editorial

"Bondetåget" The drab expanse of modern political history has been broken by an event so vivid and colorful that we must go back centuries to find a parallel. Perhaps no nation today but Sweden, where personality and spontaneity are not yet wiped out, could have produced such a demonstration as the *Bondetåg* or Yeoman's March to the King on February 6. Often enough, starving city mobs have tried to approach their ruler with appeal or menace, or the citizens of a country, grown strong, have gone to wrest their rights from an unwilling government. But the freeholders of Sweden came thirty thousand strong from all parts of the country, under the provincial banners that led their fathers in glorious wars, not to demand anything, but to offer the King their wealth in the service of the fatherland. It must be remembered that the Swedish *bonde* or *odalmän* is no "peasant," in the South European sense, but a freeholder accustomed from ancient times to meeting his king face to face, accustomed to make generous response to the personal appeal of the sovereign. "From time immemorial the yeomen of Sweden have tilled the soil over which they themselves and no foreign intruder held sway," said the call issued by a group of *odalmän* to their fellows. "We who now till the free soil of Sweden wish to preserve it for our descendants. We wish to leave them undisturbed the right to reap new harvests for their own livelihood and for the prosperity of the fatherland from this soil, which must always remain Swedish. The fatherland is the one thing that must be guarded above all else. To lose its liberty or independence is to lose life itself."

The King's manly and direct reply to the yeomen is printed in another part of this issue. Espousing as it did the programme of military experts for immediate action, the speech, which was made without consultation with the Prime Minister, Mr. Staafl, caused the resignation of the liberal ministry, who were committed to a more gradual strengthening of the defenses of the country. Whatever may be the political outcome, there can be no doubt that King Gustaf has the sympathy of the people of Sweden. Although a counter-demonstration, organized by the Socialists to protest against the burdens of taxation demanded by the military program numbered 30,000, its influence was swept away in the wave of enthusiasm that followed in the wake of the *Bondetåg*. Seventy thousand names were signed to the telegrams assuring the King that other yeomen all over the country were as ready to sacrifice for the fatherland as those who brought him the message in person. One group of citizens after another hastened to add their promise of loyal support. Addresses were sent by scientists, artists, authors and business men. From the

universities of Lund, Uppsala and Göteborg 3,300 students came to assure the King that the youth of the country was with him—no mere lyrical outburst, since one of the points in the new army program is the lengthening of military service for students. The white-capped singing crowds “like the onward rush of white-crested spring floods,” were as impressive in their fresh young enthusiasm as the grave, earnest ranks of the *Bondetåg*.

While King Gustaf has declared that he has no desire to revive a “personal monarchy,” the late events have shown how deep a hold monarchical institutions have over the Swedish nation. By his quick and true comprehension of his people the King has become, in fact, the personal leader in that new movement which has fused radical and conservative, peace worker and militarist in devotion to the fatherland. Even where some technical criticism of the King’s action in addressing the *Bondetåg* without consulting his ministers is admitted, there is a tendency to brush it aside as immaterial. The idea that the King alone in all Sweden should be denied the right of free speech seems to the Swedes a ridiculous parliamentary tyranny unworthy of a free people.

The New Ministry

The task of forming a new cabinet has been entrusted to Hjalmar Hammarskjöld, Governor of Uppsala, a noted jurist who has twice before been a member of the government. He has represented Sweden in several international arbitration cases, in the Karlstad conference with Norway in 1905, and at the last World Peace Congress at The Hague. The Prime Minister has himself taken the portfolio of War, while the Foreign Minister is K. A. Wallenberg; the Minister of Justice, B. Hasselrot; the Civil Minister, O. von Sydow; the Marine Minister, Daniel Broström; the Minister of Finance, A. Vennersten; the Church Minister, K. G. Westman; the Minister of Agriculture, J. G. Beck-Fries. The new ministry, which commands the respect of all factions, has formed a program resting entirely on the strengthening of the military defenses, and the dissolution of the Riksdag makes it possible to put this program before the people in a special election, while other matters can be left to the regular fall elections. Special stress is laid on the fact that the increase in the army and navy is for defense only. It is believed in Sweden that the coming special election will be one of the most hotly contested campaigns ever held there, and in the confusion of old party lines and the moving of political landmarks the outcome is by no means certain. Whatever may be the results, however, the new issue has in fact already conquered in the wills of the Swedish people, conquered in opened hearts and quickened spirits and in a time of visitation that is already glorious history.

The Baltic

The Baltic lies across the map like a huge fish, with its tail frozen away far in the north, wedged in between Sweden and Finland, stretching southwest near a thousand miles to where its three mouths seem to engulf the Isles of Denmark. The Baltic may be said to have three shores. East and West, Russia and Sweden gaze anxiously, facing each other; on the south the German Empire encroaches upon shrunken Denmark. Russia and Prussia are, comparatively, newcomers to the coast of the Baltic, for the gray old sea has seen many vicissitudes of fortune since the days when the Aesir were worshipped at Uppsala—an eastward waterway of Swedish Vikings, a shore for Danish conquests, a harbor for the Hansa trade, a Swedish inland sea, an outlet for a time for Poland, and now for Russia, a naval base for Germany.

Indeed, the Russian Empire owes its origin to the band of Swedish Vikings, the *Rus*, the *rowers* from over the sea, who came under Rurik and his brethren in the ninth century to found a principality at Novgorod and Kieff. In the centuries following, the kings of Denmark were extending their dominion eastward along the southern Baltic, subduing the Slavic Wends, and assuming the title borne to this day by Danish rulers, "King of the Danes and Wends." In 1219 Valdemar the Victorious made Esthonia—far east on the Gulf of Finland almost to the site of St. Petersburg—a Danish province; that time the Dannebrog, the Danish standard, according to tradition, fluttered down from heaven upon the Danish army, and its emblem was set in the arms of Rival, a city founded by the Danes. During the fourteenth century Denmark was disputing the mastery of the Baltic with the Hanseatic League of German traders, who had established themselves even at Visby in the midst of the sea. All this time bands of German colonists were gradually creeping north, across the marshes to the Baltic's southern shores, and crowding out the Slavic natives and the Danish garrisons. Sweden, meanwhile, in the north, had carried the Christian cross and the Swedish flag across into Finland, which became virtually a Swedish province. The seventeenth century witnessed Sweden's ascendancy under the arms of Gustavus Adolphus and other kings of the House of Vasa, who annexed for a time the Polish and German shores and made the Baltic a Swedish inland lake. In 1658 the cession by Denmark of Skåne brought Sweden down to Malmö and the southern tip of the Scandinavian peninsula. But Sweden's domain, like that of Denmark, soon began to shrink, after Peter the Great planned his systematic advance for a northern outlet. Peter took the Swedish fortress on the Neva and laid in 1703 the foundation of St. Petersburg. Under Charles XII the Swedes assumed again the aggressive and carried the war far into Peter's own country, in a campaign which, although it resulted in apparent disaster and great economic suffering

for Sweden, served, after all, perhaps, to moderate Russia's headlong advance. Peter ultimately acquired the Swedish provinces south of the Gulf of Finland, and later in the century the partition of Poland brought the boundaries of Russia south to Prussia, near the Memel River. In 1809 Sweden was obliged to relinquish Finland also to Russia. Although for a century Finland has been regarded as a buffer between Sweden and Russia, of late its Russification has proceeded more rapidly, and military railroads make the length of its western shores easily accessible from St. Petersburg. Hence "The Warning Word" of Sven Hedin, the popular subscription for battle-ships, the *Bondetåg* and the recent political crisis in Sweden.

Although Sweden and Denmark are separated only by the narrow Sound that flows between Malmö and Copenhagen, the contemporary foreign policies of the two governments are radically different. Both nations preserve an armed neutrality, ready for any general European conflict. Sweden technically is armed against Russia, and is apparently making every effort to maintain friendly relations—in commerce, in politics and in education—with the German Empire, with which the kingdom is being closely knit by rail and sea. To Denmark, on the other hand, Russia seems relatively remote; Denmark is ever vigilant against Germany and fosters a friendship for England. Behind Sweden and Denmark, Norway looks also to England for support and cultivates a polite suspicion at the same time, both of Russia and Germany.

We cannot expect the Baltic to preserve its political equilibrium in the future any more than it has in the past, but this summer war and rumors of war will be forgotten, when the four nations of the Baltic unite at Malmö in the peaceful rivalry of industries and arts. In these friendly contests, also, the fittest will survive. The race is to the swift and the battle to the strong.

Skansen In this issue of the REVIEW we reproduce two pages of illustrations of perennial interest from the open-air museum of *Skansen* on the heights that overlook the city of Stockholm, an exhibition which will rival Malmö as a Mecca for Americans who visit Sweden this summer. Probably no other nation can show thus grouped together in the open air the daily life of its country districts to the most remote and picturesque provinces. Here are not only the houses, but their furnishings, not only the national costumes but the people who wear them; while the dance pavilion in the park gives opportunity for the perpetuation of those beautiful old rhythmic movements which are both national art and religious ritual. Skansen is a monument to the enthusiasm and patriotism of one man, Dr. Arthur Hazelius, founder of the Northern Museum.

Scandinavian Languages in American Schools

The Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study has performed a significant public service in preparing the "Report on the Scandinavian Languages in the Secondary Schools," printed in the *Publications* of the Society for November, 1913. A committee, of which Prof. A. A. Stomberg, of the University of Minnesota was chairman, sent out to the various schools a list of twenty-five questions, which resulted in collecting a body of definite information on this very confused subject. The report shows that the study of Swedish or Norwegian, heretofore confined to the universities and special Scandinavian colleges, has since 1910 found a place in the curriculum of free public schools—high schools and upper grammar school grades—in five states, Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and North Dakota. Of these, Minnesota far outnumbers the other states in the number of schools and pupils. Usually Scandinavian is an elective study, placed on the same basis as German, French or other foreign languages. "In one place, Cokato, Minnesota, Swedish is compulsory for all pupils in the eighth grade."

"It will thus be seen," reads the report, "that there are six schools that have courses in both Swedish and Norwegian, with an enrollment of 243 for Norwegian and 320 for Swedish. Norwegian alone is found in fourteen schools, with an enrollment of 311 and Swedish alone in eight schools, with an enrollment of 316. This makes a total for Norwegian of 554 and for Swedish of 636, or a total for the two languages of 28 schools and 1,190 students.

"In 1910, when Scandinavian classes were begun for the first time in five high schools, the total enrollment was 203. . . . It may be of interest to note that 45 students taking Scandinavian (8 per cent.) are non-Scandinavian, *i.e.*, neither father nor mother is Scandinavian."

The committee reports the need of more text books with vocabularies and English notes. At present two Swedish grammars and five reading books are in use, three Norwegian grammars and eight reading books. Apparently the favorite edited texts are Lagerlöf: *En Herrgardssägen*, edited by Professor A. L. Elmquist, of Northwestern University and Björnson: *Synnöve Solbakken*, edited by Professor G. T. Flom of the University of Illinois.

With such an encouraging situation, the committee will, no doubt, be able to report still greater progress at the annual meeting of the Society in Minneapolis, May 1 and 2. More and more children of Scandinavian origin realize the advantage of choosing a language which preserves their inherited literary traditions. A visit to the schools of Europe, especially to those of Scandinavia, soon discloses the absurdity of our inherent Yankee fear of confusing the youthful mind with a multiplicity of tongues. The child masters languages easily, and each acquisition means a new avenue of culture, a broadening of outlook and interest.

Books

A HOLBERG REVIVAL

"A Forgotten Dramatist" is the heading with which the Harvard University Press announces "The Comedies of Holberg," by Oscar James Campbell, Jr., assistant professor in English in the University of Wisconsin. The book will be reviewed in a later issue of the REVIEW, together with the volume of plays by Holberg to be published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation. For the present we quote from the Harvard *Literary Notes*:

"The announcement of a new star in the literary firmament of two centuries ago might well be received with suspicion. But Ludvig Holberg, the greatest of Danish dramatists, will be such to most American readers. A mere sketch of his life shows a man of extraordinary versatility and interest; professor, in turn, of law, metaphysics, history and eloquence at the University of Copenhagen, and author, moreover, of works in these subjects which were authorities in that day; a famous traveler, familiar with life in England and the Continent; a shrewd man of business, who made himself, unaided, both millionaire and baron; a prolific writer and, chief of all, the first to establish the drama in Denmark and write for the stage. "Polite learning in Denmark," says Goldsmith, enthusiastically, "rose and fell with the celebrated Baron Holberg." He was, as it happened, Goldsmith's own prototype, in his meagre student days, when he traveled through France and Italy afoot, and spent two and a half years at the University of Oxford. The Italian *commedia dell'arte* and the classic essays of Addison alike affected his style, but none so much as his master, Molière. As a result, none of the great eighteenth century dramatists show so cosmopolitan a blend of tendencies and influences. The life and study of Holberg, which has just appeared from the Harvard University Press, gives a truly fascinating picture. The author, Professor Campbell of the University of Wisconsin, has traced with much skill and interest the many relationships that made Holberg the most cosmopolitan figure in the literature of his time. It is a volume well worthy of following its predecessors in the Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature."

THE WANDERER'S NECKLACE. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Company, New York, 1914.

A tale of adventure and romance is the story of Olaf the Norseman, a hero of the ninth century. The life of the hardy sea rovers is vividly described, and a fierce battle on the sea heightens the excitement. The reader then follows Olaf southward to Greece, where he takes service with the Empress Irene, and where various dangers and bloody vicissitudes lead to the happy termination presaged by the finding of the necklace.

It is a story of contrasts: The faithfulness of Olaf to his foster-brother Steinar, his loyalty to the Empress, the mutual love between him and Heliodore, and the fierce steadfastness of Jodd are set in opposition to the scheming cruelty of the royal household, while the rugged, slashing bravery of the Norsemen throws into relief the fickleness and treachery of the effete Greeks. The mystery of the story is deepened by the psychic element: Olaf the Norseman is reincarnated in the writer, and centuries before his appearance as the hero of the present tale he was Olaf the Wanderer.

B. M. P.



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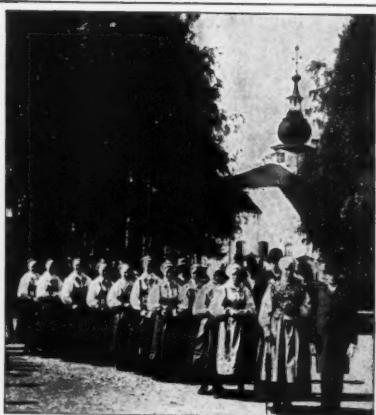


APPROACH TO A FARM-HOUSE



PEASANTS

GROUP IN OKTORPSGARD



SKANSEN PEASANTS

WEDDING PROCESSION



PEASANT DANCE



AT HOME IN SKANSEN

DANCE—THE FICKLE SUITOR

Brief Notes

The reproduction of Rosenborg Castle and the dedicatory sonnet by Mr. Egan in the Yule number of the REVIEW preceded by a few weeks the announcement that the new title, Count of Rosenborg, had been created by King Christian for his nephew, Prince Aage, who renounced his claim to the throne in marrying an Italian lady, the Countess Calvi. The American minister in Copenhagen has had the picture and sonnet in the REVIEW effectively framed for presentation to the first Count of Rosenborg.

Mr. John A. Gade has undertaken to maintain the department of modern Norwegian literature in the library of Harvard University. The library is very rich in Scandinavian literature, both ancient and modern.

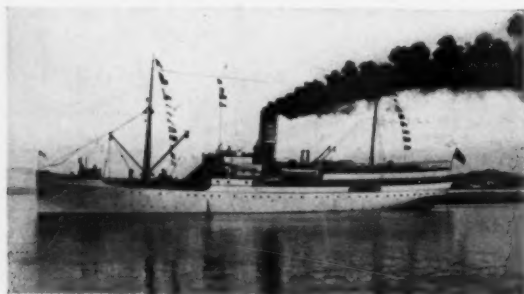
The book compiled by Mr. Alfred Gabrielson for the State of North Dakota in honor of the Norwegian Centennial, shows that no less than one-fourth of the taxable property of the State is held by Norwegians.

A Scandinavian Art Society has been formed in Minneapolis under the auspices of the Odin Club. The American-Scandinavian Foundation was represented at the organization by the Honorable Lauritz S. Swenson, who has been chosen president of the Society. Its first vice-president is Governor Eberhart.

The story of Ole Bull's ill-fated Norwegian colony, Oleana, in Pennsylvania, is the foundation for a romance called "Olea," by Samuel Haven Glassmire, published by the Knickerbocker Press. The author modestly makes no claim to historic dignity, but has written his little tale in a sympathetic spirit as a tribute to the visionary and idealist, Ole Bull.

The need for a scholarly magazine of Scandinavian literature has been met by the new quarterly, *Edda*. While published in Norway and edited by Professor Gran, it is of international scope and contains reviews of the literature of Sweden, Denmark, England and Germany, written by scholars of the several countries in their own languages.

The Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study has doubled its membership in the past year, and with the financial aid of the American-Scandinavian Foundation has increased the size of its publication. New members should send their application with one dollar for annual dues to the secretary, Professor A. Louis Elmquist, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., before the annual meeting to be held in Minneapolis, May 1 and 2.



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